

Again, on the other hand, the man who blows his own horn never plays a dirge.

The Top o' the Mornin'. By W. D. Nesbit.

The average woman is convinced that she looks bewitching in a hammock.

HAUGHTY THING.



"What do you think of Miss Starfish?" asked the lobster.
"Not so very much," answered the oyster. "I proposed to her last night and she called me a lobster."
"And when I proposed to her she shut me up like an oyster."

DEED OF DARING.

"There's lots of accidents happen to these aeronauts that make the balloon ascensions at the county fairs during the summer, aren't there?" asked the man who had been looking through the column of accidents by telegraph.
"Lots of 'em," agreed the man with the retrospective eyes, who chewed a ragged cigar in a disconsolate manner.
"But," pursued the first speaker, "folks like you and me have no call to worry over finding a fate like that."
"I dunno," replied the man with the retrospective eyes. "They do say that lightning never strikes twice in the same place, though."
"What's lightning got to do with it?"
"Nothing at all. But maybe you haven't been here long enough to know that five years ago I got the purse of fifty dollars for being married in the captive balloon at the fair grounds."



An Alphabet of Jokes

Oyster in the social soup,
O single gem in the tureen
Round which the hungry people troop,
How very seldom are you seen!
How wide and glowing are the eyes
Of him who shouts with surging soul:
"Aha! I guess I win the prize—
I've found the oyster in my bowl!"
O, Oyster in the social soup!
O, firm foundation of the fair—
The organ fund would sadly droop
If by mischance you were not there.
O, single Oyster! Here's to you!
A magic thing you sure must be,
For there's more water in your stew
Than ever was within your sea.

Tempted of the Truth.

The canker worm of jealousy and blighted affection was gnawing like a wolf at the heart of the editor of the Nagsville Clarion. Miss Tessie Magoon, to whom he had paid ardent court for four years, had been that day married to Ephraim Johnson, who had played the rôle of not only the hated rival but the successful one.
"It is high time," mused the editor of the Nagsville Clarion, "that the great profession of journalism took gentle truth by the hand and gave her her proper place on the throne of publicity. It is an unfair code of ethics that compels a journalist to write what he knows to be untrue, just because he is bound by the galling chains of custom."
Taking his pencil he turned over some sale bills and began writing on the backs thereof:
"One of the tiresome June weddings that ever happened in this community was that on Wednesday of Tessie Magoon and Ephraim Johnson. Mrs. Magoon had insisted on a church wedding, so the old man had to stand for janitor and organist fees that he could ill afford. In fact, he had the nerve to borrow \$10 from the editor to take out these and other expenses. There was a good crowd in attendance—most of them coming from sheer curiosity, desiring to see what kind of a looking woman would marry Eph Johnson. The bride was attired in some kind of a white dress. Every woman in the audience said it didn't fit at all in the back and it looked as if it was made over. The groom wore a black suit that still had the mark down price mark on it, and he kept juggling his celluloid cuffs all the time. Men who are about to get married and to be dressed up in their Sunday clothes on weekdays ought to be made to wear cuffs. Eph's hands hung down like a pair of red hams, and he was a pitiful sight. The bride said 'Yes' three times before the preacher had finished his opening remarks, and the groom was so scared that he had to be prompted by the bride, who seemed to be afraid he would back out at the last minute. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson went on a bridal tour to the east—that is, to the county seat. Some kind of a lunch was served at the house after the wedding. There was salt in the ice cream and the strawberries were sour. The couple were given many expressions of sympathy in the guise of congratulations."
Reading over what he had written he grinned savagely, then mused:
"I've got a notion to print it anyway, and then sell out and move to another town. But, no. Tradition holds me in its clutch."
Whereupon he took another sheet of paper and wrote a notice of the wedding, referring to the bride as one of Nagsville's fairest daughters and the groom as a prominent business man of a neighboring town, and stating that the happy couple had departed on a wedding tour to the east, also that an elaborate wedding collation had been served.

CRAFT IN COURTSHIP.



"Ah, darling," breathed the impassioned wooer, "why do you not say 'Yes'?"
"Can you not say it?"
"Dear me, I could say it," responded the honest damsel, "but if I do, then you will immediately stop making all these pretty speeches."

It Worried Him.

"Yes," said the first doctor, "I have a case up on Blinker Street that is causing me a great deal of worry."
"Indeed?" asked the second doctor. "Are you wondering whether or not the patient will get well?"
"Not so much that as I am puzzled over whether or not he will pay my bill."

The Hard Part.

"It is a trying profession," said the first entomologist.

"Isn't it?" replied the second.

"The world never realizes how hard we fellows work."

"Indeed, it doesn't."

"The world never gives a thought to the days and nights of study we put in."

"I should say not."

"Think of it. Sometimes we work and worry for years to decide upon the habits and manners of life of some obscure bug."

"Huh. Think that's the hard part. How about the nerve wracking and mind wrecking task of inventing scientific names for the things?"

HE DID.

"So you refuse me?" our hero exclaimed to the haughty heiress on the veranda of the seaside hotel.
"I do," she whispered, trying to infuse some sadness into her tones, eying him with a sidelong glance to observe the effect of her statement.

"Then listen!"

He drew himself up to his full height and eyed her proudly, while she shrank back into the depths of the chair, quivering with wonderment.

"Then listen!" he said again. "No, do not attempt to compel me to hold my silence. Since you spurn my advances, since you trample my young love under your patrician feet, since you smile gayly at my protestations of adoration, listen! Within one hour I shall hurl myself into the bosom of yonder sea."

He was gone, and though the crushed heiress engaged the services of life savers and watched the beach they were unable to prevent his carrying out his threat, for within less than an hour he had leaped into the bosom of the sea—with another heiress, whom he had been playing for second choice.

FOLLOWING PRECEDENT.



"But why," asked the fair young thing of the fat old man, "do you wear such a little bit of a hat?"
"Ah, miss," courteously explained the fat old person, "I wish to exhibit my admiration for the good taste of the ladies. I, too, will regulate the size of my hat by the amount of my hair."

Lexington, Kentucky, has climbed around and around the spiral staircase for seven floors.

At this point he pauses to regain his breath.

One sees many great sights in this large city," says his guide.

"Yes, sir, but that is one thing I suddenly should like to see," avers the colonel.

"And what is that?"

"I should greatly admire to see a bottle large enough to hold the cock that would be drawn by this cock-screw."

Perfidious Man.

"Yes," confessed the younger woman, "I do all my own cooking and housework. You see, my husband praises everything I do, and seems to enjoy his meals so much that I haven't the heart to risk hiring a servant who might not meet his requirements."

"Praises you, does he?" asked the older woman, with a sniff. "Humph. You might know he would."

That's the way with men. They'll stoop to all kinds of deceit in order to make a woman slave herself to death for them. No wonder you never have a chance to attend the lectures on cooking and housekeeping at the club."

After a man has paid accident insurance premiums for ten years he begins to cherish a grudge against street cars and other things that might have given him some action on his money.

R-R-REVENGE!



"But," said the first artist, "why do you want to paint her picture in that pose?"
"It is not artistic; it is not natural; it is not—"
"Hush, man," interrupted the second artist. "She might hear you. I am going to paint such a portrait of her because she has rejected me. She thinks it will be a melancholy pleasure to me, but she will change her mind after the art critics have said their say."

SHE DYED.

"Ah, sir," said the stranger, "it was but one short year ago that I was at this summer resort, and met a beautiful brunette to whom I pledged my troth. She said she would be true until death, and she gave me this lovely ringlet of her hair as a pledge of her love. I was to seek her here at this time, yet I do not find her. Hast seen her?"
"What was the name?" asked the hotel clerk, for it was indeed he.
"Rosette Bellairs."
"O, she died last fall."
"Died?"
"Yes. That's her over there at the end of the piazza. That stunning blonde."

As Rosette even then was detaching a beautiful blond ringlet for a distracted youth at her side, our hero ordered his grips sent to the station and began looking up the time of trains.

Exposed.

"And you told me, Reginald," whispered the bride through her tears as the carriage whirled them away to the railway station, "that you had never before been married."

"Albeit a guilty flush swept to his forehead," he asserted, "and, she continued, her sole becoming more evident, 'I trusted you, although you were a stranger when I met you. But now your perfidy is unmasked. O, why should things be so?'"

"What in the world makes you think such a thing?"

"If you never had been married, how could you keep step so perfectly with the wedding march? No man who has not had lots of practice can walk down the aisle and be self-possessed while it is being played."

Art and Actuality.

The man with the long hair and the dreamy eyes threw down his pen with a petulant expression and looked wrathfully across the fields.

"Why, my dear," said his wife, "it is odd that you cannot work out here. You said if you only could come to the country for the summer you knew that you would be inspired to write wonderful poems that should thrill the world and would live in the memory of mankind forever."

"So I did," growled the poet, "but here I've been trying for two hours to compose some verses on 'The Lowing Kine,' and every time I get a fair start that old cow over in the pasture begins bellying to her calf and knocks my inspiration galleys."

We have given the matter some thought, but we cannot decide whether it is better to be a specialist in your own line or an expert in the other fellow's.

Affluence.

There is great excitement in Lone Tree Gulch.

One Eyed Ike has turned up a dozen huge nuggets of solid gold.

"Why," says Toothless Tutt, "any one of these things is worth \$1000. Ike, you've struck it at last. What are ye goin' to do with all your money?"

"I'm goin' to buy a thousand alarm clocks," replies One Eyed Ike.

"What for?"

"An' I'm goin' to set 'em all for 6 o'clock in the mornin', an' when they wake me up I'm jest goin' to turn over in bed an' shoot the everlasting daylight out o' 'em."

Joyous Fancy.

Col. Bluddengosh of the spiral staircase for seven floors.

At this point he pauses to regain his breath.

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A BACK NUMBER.



"They say that Mrs. Diggem is the most up to date amateur gardener hereabouts."
"Up to date? My goodness! She knows the name and habits of every flower you ever heard of, but she really wears the dowdiest, most outlandish gardening costume you ever saw! Up to date? Why, she is years behind the styles."

Preparing for the Future.

The eminent hero lay dying.
At his bedside were grouped a number of his faithful friends who had accompanied him when he left his native land.

Having made a sentimental remark which would look well in history, the eminent hero turned to a lawyer whom he had summoned, also to the representatives of the press, who occupied the background, and said:

"Sir, gentlemen, I beg of you to make careful note of what I am about to say, and to put it in writing and place copies of it in the different safety deposit vaults of this and other cities."

"We will, sir," they responded, wondering if his mind were wandering in these his last hours.

"Take this down," he asked. "I am John James Jones, father of the submarine militia of America. My nose is twisted to the left because of being caught in a door, my left ear is of the variety known as cauliflower because of having been struck by a prize-fighter; two fingers are missing from my left hand; my right leg is of the best quality of Italian cork, and I have always removed it at night by means of a corkscrew, which will be interred with my body; I have sold or destroyed all my clothing except the garments in which I am to be buried, consisting of a striped shirt, piecemeal collar, buttoning tie, baggy trousers and sawed off sack coat; I have never worn whiskers; my shoes are cushion soled and rubber heeled; my sword will not be buried with me but will be placed in soak at the 'Sign of the Three Balls'; my grave will be found twenty feet north and fifty feet east of the main entrance of the Rue de la Goo cemetery, and my name will be tattooed on my chest."

"But why?" ask the onlookers, between their teeth.

"A hundred years from now I want my countrymen not only to be grateful to me for having founded their submarine militia, but also for having left a card index system that will enable them to find what is left of me in an instant, so as not to delay the program of administering full but belated funeral honors to me."

Remembering that he died happy but not any more willingly than the next man, he passed away.

Wrong Impression.

"Young man," began the solemn faced person, "how many cigars do you smoke in a day?"

"From six to eight," answered the young man, flicking the ashes from the one he was smoking.

"And what do you pay for them?"

"Ten cents apiece, which is sixty cents to eighty cents a day," replied the young man.

"Let us average it at seventy cents, which is four dollars and ninety cents a week, or perhaps five dollars, allowing for an extra smoke on Sunday. That amounts to \$200 a year, or in ten years it would count up to \$2,000, which, if it had been deposited in a savings bank at compound interest might have amounted to \$4,000 or \$5,000. In twenty years it would be at least \$10,000. In forty years, \$25,000. And from then on it would grow by leaps and bounds until in two hundred years I would have a fortune greater than any one else on earth. Thus, if I—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the solemn stranger. "You are a good mathematician, no doubt, but what I wanted to say was that I am selling the Natural Flavor Panatella, at reduced rates to private customers, and would be glad to have you try this sample and let us have an order by mail if it pleases you."

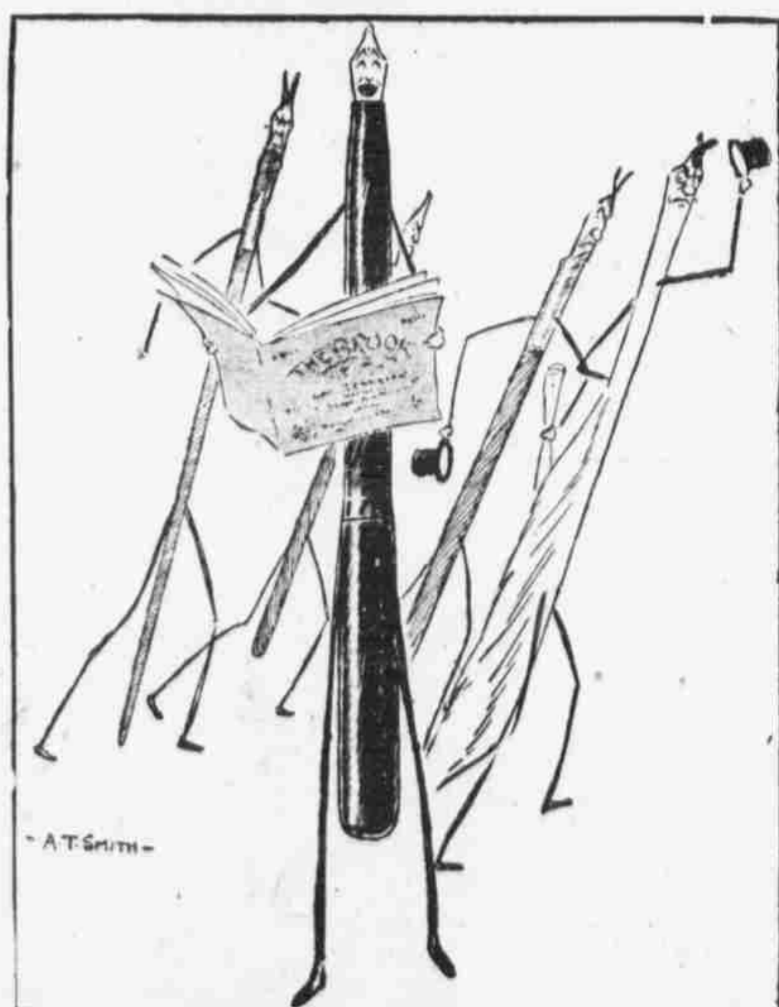
And as the solemn man walked on the young man looked after him and muttered:

"Well, if I didn't size him up for one of these offhand reformers."

Little Henry's Slate.

UNKLE-BILL 2EZ SUM MEH
WORRY SO MUCH ABOUT
ADOPTIN A CAREER THAT THEY
NEVER GET BIZZY

JEALOUS.



"Isn't it absurd," asked Mr. Steelpen, "how old Quill is attracted to Miss Fountainpen? She makes a goose of him."
"Yes, but he likes the way she goes on so gushingly all the time."